WO DOLLARS will be paid for each item printed on this page. Checks are mailed daily. The weekly special awards announced on Saturdays, are in addition to this payment. Open to all readers.

MANHATTAN.

AT THE END OF HIS ROPE.

SAW A BIG CROWD waiting in line at the Polo Grounds in the hope of buying tickets for the Dartmouth-Cornell conflict, and saw hundreds turn away disappointed when the announcement came that the pasteboards were "all sold out." The majority went away at once, but some remained to hope against hope, and one man made an earnest appeal to a policeman. "Officer," he said, "I came 2,400 miles to see this game! My train got in a little later than I expected-isn't there any way by which I can squeeze in here?" "If there is," said the cop, "I do not know it. I know how you feel and I'm sorry, but it looks like you're outa luck." \* \* And then the same policeman turned to a group of kids. "Hey," he said, "four o' youse take down them ropes (ropes which had been rected to keep the crowd back, lug 'em over to the press gate and alk in for yourselves." . . The ropes were let down and each of four boys grabbed a coil and advanced to the press gate. They almost had reached their goal when the Man Who Had Come Twenty-Four Hundred Miles stopped them. He gave one boy \$1 for his "chance," and I saw one man and three boys, each carrying a coll of rope, admitted to the Polo Grounds .-Henry R. Kelly, No. 438 West 124th Street.



THE ABSENT-MINDED SHOPPER. In a Fifth Avenue department store

to-day I saw a sweet-faced old lady sking at some handbags. Some friends started to examine some other bags. plainly forgetting the one already in her handbag still with her. I started to tell her, of her mistake, but hesitated and then she was out on the sidewalk. I was bahind her when suddenly she

spped and exclaimed "Oh!" looking own at the bag. In an instant I was beside her and offered to go inside with her, suggesting I might be of help. But the floorwalker was extremely cour-toous, and then, with a twinkle in her eyes, the old lady said: "I wonder what my boy will think of this." Her boy, I learned, is one of New York's most prominent lawyers. Then she thanked me, and I felt happy for being of a little service to one so nice.—Marian Frances Lilly, No. 212 W. 108th Street

TIME PASSES QUICKLY IN THE DRUG BUSINESS.

I saw an ideal employee, a man who doesn't watch the clock. I had gone to the corner drug store to meet a friend with whom I had an appointment. M. watch had stopped and I was guesting at the time. The clock in the drug store read 9.78, but I noticed it had store read 9.28, but I noticed it had stopped. So I went in, ordered a soda and asked the clerk to tell me the correct time. He walked to the front of the shop, looked at the clock and said. The sorrect time is 8.28." My look of the front of the front of a man next to me because he had said it so emphatically caused him to think for a moment, and then it dawned on him that it was not, after all, the correct time, which we learned was 12.45. But this clork, I thought, was a good employed. Three hours, more or less, in the base's favor made no difference to him.—Alice P. made no difference to him.—Alice P. McBride, No. 607 West 199th Street.

HE WANTS EVERYTHING SUST

3 On a downtown submay train I senu a nan get abourd with a pack-age. He hang the package on a strap. Then he took a pack of wearspaper with which he polished then scating himself, he began roading his paper in solid constart.— Margaret J. Pogg, No. 164 East Fourth Street, Brooklyn.

COMING OVER FROM ST. GEORGE for New York to-day I saw an and more bundles than she could ma age alone come aboard. A tired-looking workman, an Italian, stepped up and helped her. Pleased, she entered into conversation with him and when the out docked, she selected the largest and prettlest flowers in her bunch and mave them to him, saying: "I know you ove flowers, so I'm giving you these to At the word "home" the talian brightened up and said: "Oh. have a house, a garden and six chil-complete outfits for sn " I watched him as he helped her cost only \$2.50.—Hen her car, and then I saw him trudging 438 West 14th Street.

AND PUTTING THIS AND THAT

and six children!-Annie E. Halsted, No.

TOGETHER -As I stood near the telephone bootly the Grand Central Station to-day

noticed two young ladies walking past point to a friend that the rubber heel of her shoe was loose and flapping. The her of the shoe immediately went to the newstand and bought a package of sum. The chewed visconnels on her way back to the telephone booth and the heel of her shoe didn't flap.—Miss R. Holmes, No. 122 West Sith Street.

In 114th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues to-day I saw a sight I'll never forget. It was the funeral of stopped and chatted with her a moment a little Chinese boy about eleven years urm, which I thought, from his jovial and absent-mindedly she put a bag on of ago. He had lived in our block, and her arm alongside her own. Then she about a week ago he was stricken with oneumonia. He had been the smartest boy in his class at school and popular with all the pupils. His funeral em chasized the American principle that no matter of what race or nationality one may be, if he has lived rightly we mourn his loss. The procession was headed by his teacher and sixty little classmates with bared heads. Behind came twelve Chinese men, and believe me, there was not a dry eye in 114th
Street as that procession passed bearing
with it the body of the little Chinese
boy going to its last resting place.—
Frank Neary, No. 238 West 114th St.—
Fran

IN THE WAY.

In the Lexington Avenue Subway I mw a man sitting in the corner of the ear with one leg extending into the ciste. Every one walked around it, but at 125th Street an elderly man with a 1t was twisting its head from left to cane tripped over the leg. Angrily he right as though it were reading a newstruck the outstretched limb with such paper upon which it sat.—Gertrude T. orce that the cane broke, but the owner Steinert, No. 87 West Fillmore Avenue. of the leg showed no sign of pain. Then while the passengers were gazing at him ich a mixture of curiosity and surprise to tapped his b 2 and indicated it was an artificial c .- James McKee, No. 01 West 125th Street.

IT'S A BEAR.

I was one of the throng who were somewhat startled pesterday at John and William Streets, where we saw a dark hulk ling in the decreny of a chop house. A few of us who were more inquisitive elopied to see schol it was. It was u. heer, and above him was a sign reading. "Bear Steak To-Morrow," reading: "Bear Steak To-Morrow,"
-- David Kaufman, No. 31 Catha-

GOOD LUCK.

Do horseshoes bring good luck? It must be so, for during the steady drizzle of rain yesterday I saw a young woman top and took heaftatingly at one bying in the mud of 23d Street, near Sixth Avenue. She passed on, but returned a moment and stooping, oblivious to nds of the fur cost dragging in th nud and to the soiled white gloves, sh icked up the horseshoe, carried it to s newsstand, bought a paper, wrapped it up and carried it away with her.—F. G. Utter. No. 50 Church Street.

NEW CLOTHING FOR OLD. In front of No 38 West 149th Stree o-day I saw a woman and two ohil iren, a forlern-looking trie with thei adescribably tatlered clothing. In ement they had disappeared into the merge completely transformed. They wore rather nice ciothes and in the most of well being. They moved away and I entered the building to learn the cause of their transformation. It was cought their new outfits there, but complete outfits for all of them had cost only \$2.50.—Henry R. Kelly, No.

CAREFUL WITH THE CANDLES! ally dressed Christmas tree of the wea It was in the show window or Brothers store, on Broadway etween Broome and Foring Streets was about six feet tall, fully deco-ated with gold and silver and red balls of all the other thingungline that gen

Harnes, No. 238 East 23d Street

A little fly, a window pane, a faithful of the broke again? To rid us of the ittle pest poor Muster did his best. Had but the winners the Bastenst-Nary Ungerland. No 526 Bas

POODLE SWALLOWED UP IN THE ROCKS.

Y SAW SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE on Cathedral Parkway, opposite No. 112. Dozens of them were armed with crowbars, automobile fire from hammers, monkey wrenches, umbrellas and curtain rods. But it wasn't a riot. They were engaged in a dog launt. Mrs. M. H. Weil of No. 112 Cathedral Parkway had lost Fluffy, or twomonths-old white poodle, which had been swallowed up in the rocks on the grounds of St. John's Cathedral. He couldn't get out. Mrs. Weil couldn't get him out, so all these people had come to help them both Taxi drivers, chauffeurs, messenger boys, hall boys from neighboring houses, anitors, a miscellaneous assortment of pedestriana and school boys fell to at the lob of extricating Floffy. The ground was dug up and searrified, rocks were upbeaved and broken, but within an hour it was done. F. R. Ingress of No. 1429 Boston Road pulled Fluits from his pit and Mrs. Well, after duly thanking and revorting the rescuer, burried Fluffy home for a bath-Charles Russell Marshall, No. 117 Micot 66th, Street.

## A PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED FOR READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD BY READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD

New Program of Awards and Special Prizes DORT TOURING CAR FOR THE BEST STORY OF THE WEEK. \$100 in Cash for the Second in Merit. \$50 for the Third. \$25 for the Fourth. TEN stories adjudged

Next in Merit, \$5 Each. Competition open to all readers.

Special Awards For High School Students will be divided weekly among high school pupils contributing to the "What Did You See To-Day?" page. For the best letter of each week sent in by a high school student, \$50; second best, \$25; five next in merit, \$5 each.

Special Awards For University and College Students will be divided weekly amor g university and college students contributing to the page. For the \$100

best letter of the week, \$50; second best letter, \$25; five letters next in merit, \$5 each. School and college contributors MUST name their schools. Wait for the worth while incident. Do not try to write every day. Bear in mind the question: "WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?" Not what somebody else saw, not what you heard and not something that happened

Contributors to the page should write of subjects with which they are familiar. Choose, preforably, things that happen in your own neighborhood. Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State WHERE the incident took place. Write your name in full. Write your address carefully. Address your letter to "What Did You See To- Day?" Evening World, P. O. Box No. 185, City Hall Station, New York.

QUEENS.

GENTUS. To-day, while I was working in a house at Howard Beach, the owner came n smiling with a package under his manner, contained a pre-Prohibition beverage Instead it contained several feet of copper tubing and an odd-looking casting, which proved to be an oil burner with two valves. He connected the tubing with a five-gallon kerosene can, set the burner upon two bricks in the firebox of his furnace, and in forty five minutes two and one-half pounds of steam was registered by the gauge He seemed more elated over the fac He seemed more elated over the fact that the removal of ashes from the base-

\$960

\$100

THERE WAS A PLY UNDER THE PAPER.

While marketing at noon to-day I saw a cat sitting in the show window of a vegetable shop at No. 96 Shell Road. It was twisting its head from left to right as though it were reading a news-

MISS BRIGHT. The physical training teacher in Jamaica High School requires all of us students to wear white sneakers as part of our uniform when undergoing "physical torture," and that the footgear shall or (resh)y whitened for every such pe-iod. In the class immediately precedog "physical torture" to-day I saw one of the girls busily engaged in whitening for ancakers with chalk, while seem-ingly she was paying the strictest at-cention to the lecture the teacher was

WRONG TRAIN. RIGHT CONDUC-

street, Jamaica.

A boy of twelve handed the conductor a Brooklyn ticket to-day on a Long island City train out of Jamaica, and ooked soared when told it was not sood on that train. He told the con-ductor he was hurrying to see his nother in a hompital at Ninth Avenuand 34th Street, where she had been operated upon, and had bourded the train by mistake. The conductor handed back the ticket and assuring times of that the boy had money for the trip instructed him how to reach the hospital from Long Island City.—A. D. Paradiso, No. 14 West Caffering Street, largely.

"THEY'RE SUCH A CARE, MY DEAR."

S I WAS WALKING along Fordham Road, near the Concourse to-A day I saw a little miss about five years of age pushing a doll carriage in which was seated a great big doll. She stopped in front of the window of a department store, and lifting her dolly from the carriage she held it up to the window so that dolly might see what was on display. Suddenly she started scolding dolly and shaking a little fat finger in front of dolly's face, all unmindful of the amused glances of passers-by. After giving dolly a severe scolding, she laid her over her chubby little knee and administered a sound spanking, after which she placed her back in the carriage and bundled her up in the blankets, at the same time giving dolly to understand that the worst would come when they go' home. \* . An old woman who' had been an interested spectator of the little drama made bold to ask the little mother what the trouble was and why she had to punish her baby, and this is what she said: "Dear me, every time that child sees something in a window she wants it, and when I tell her she can't have it she starts her tantrums in the street and makes a fool of me! Now I'm going to take her home and put her to bed without any supper, \* \* \* And off she went .- Harold Dyson, No 410 East 163d Street



SHOCKING! On West Street, near Franklin I saw

the Catholic Protectory, to which people grapes being sold for the making of woman and her son approach the stocktwo young boys run after it. One held a can in which is caught the drippings. The can filled, the boys enjoyed a drink Saw in-day what I think is the first of grape juice. Frank Ott, No. 63 g dressed Christmas tree of the weat Courtland: Avenue, Bronk

JAMES OF THE QUICK WIT.

Jimmy our office boy, nearly always conneces to beat the clock in the afternoon and in some way get past the warehouse. Last night however, he was stopped and told to well until 5 o'clock Jimus invested me into agreeing to drep his hot and coat dir. the wirdow at a given signal. So out he marched, batless and confloss, and was not inclusted. But immediately th office manager came in He beard Unmay's tractic whichling and patting us head out the winders inquired the squeer. Quink-witted liming replied he had ferrotten the brand of cigars I less him after. Then in a moment. when the manager had gone out, Jimmy received his hat and cost and he went blittlely on his way -J. J. Girolamo, No. 1235 Intervale Avenue, Bronk.

A VOUNG GENTLEMAN DOES THE HONORS.

My attention was drawn to an eight gentleman with whom I was to lunch,
the Fame elecator with my friend
me a box of ten, who went to the fitgirl his mater, told her their mother con't feeling wall good that they want or to the dintes, room. He held to

A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS.

I saw an old-fashioned white-haired woman and her son approach the stockbottom of some of the boxes and as a derly, almost reverently, a pair of silk truckload was leaving the curb, I save stockings, but the price, \$2.50, seemed to appail her. But her son laughed. "That sn't so much, mother; not for you, any way. Nothing's too good for he, and, producing a bull, he teld the gir-to wrap them up. As they were being wrapped "mother" confided to the wonding next to her. "I alway persuaded me to run down to to to buy them "- starward F. M. on. No. 518 Morris Avenue, Brons.

MAGIC PLOWER.

A friend presented as several dw; = new with a miniature flower put in which e.a. a blue crope paper flower. To the po-"snging hae, when rainy, pink, when rainy in the fair, it's blue." The first rainy day it on the window still and was transformed to pink. minutes later, in the room, it would be a riginal blue. Buth Marion Ways No. 356 Hewitt Avenue, Brook

SYOT DIRTY BOYS,"

About 7.4% in the morning I saw non-the Desirosses Street "L" station light year-old girl and two little less hich water was tricking etting a paper bag and scrubbing the ose been and necks. As she tyrele-leaning the first, whose school book at his feet, she told him to stand and dry while the actitibed to me and she thanked me and a fact trom ber fore soon little girl a mill in

Y YE WAS TEN YEARS OLD, and he had the reputation of being a scapegrace, a truant, a good-for-nothing. More than one teacher had described Antonio under one or all of these headings and the boy did his best to live up to what was expected of him by cutting up in class, playing hookey and falling down in his lessons day after day. \* \* \* When, finally, Tony was promoted to my class, there was every indication of his belief that his "bad man" reputation had preceded him. At the first opportunity he absented himself from school. I went out into the streets and searched until I found him I brought him back, and after a heart-to-heart talk he was permitted to go into the classroom again. He took a brace, as the boys say, and I rewarded his efforts by appointing him a monitor. What a look he gave me when the appointment was announced! I read gratitude in his big eyes. \* \* \* He began to do more home work than was expected of him \* \* \* \* To-day I saw Tony working with a pencil on paper. He finished his ex. mples before the others and always returned to his pensil and paper. When arithmetic was over, and deaks were to be cleared, his percil and paper remained. I asked him what it was. He was confused. Obediently, however, he handed it to me It was unusually artistic sketch of "Teache ." . . I believe my "bad man" is going to prove worthy of study and encouragement.-Rose E. Massimine, No. 229 Dahill Road, Brooklyn (Teacher

BROOKLYN.

THE BAD MAN.



THE CAT, THE BIRDS AND THE

RED-HOT STOVE, Our cat was peacefully drowning yesterday on a chair near the hot spring and landed on top of the store and just as suddenly landed agent on the floor. I investigated this peruliar behavior. I could distently hear in the kitchen the chirp of herds, but I could not locate them. o I went outside, and getting a odder I found that a small colony I breds had built a nest in the pipe which carries off cooking smake and with from the gas store through a wall of the kitchen. No wonder noted thought the birds were near! A. E. Moore, No. 1019 East Tenth Street, Brooklyn.

MERELY A SUGGESTION. s morning I saw an article in th support bewailing the fact that it ! built to get all the women out to of the fair registrars in the corne room was giving a policeman ; lesson. This gave me an idea og lesson. This gave me an idea the polling places in the cabarets of the schools. Let the hand Some Sunny Day" as we all fox lowe to the booths and have the Why Should I Cry Ove we mark the ballots ore that if the politicians act upon this aggestion there will be an unpreceed vote at the next election. -- Mrs Huston, No. 378 Eight! rost, Brucklyn:

SAND EELS.

beach at Sea Gate to-day on with four men in it had a norm 100 feet long. The one and of it to the beach an water for the length of the freled back to the bear the net in the water. When a up the net I was surprised full of squtrning sand relais inches long and about as thick is book, which was a large of the men told me they sold later I saw the cole being since, Brooklyn.

THE POINT OF VIEW

note suvering not only blenk, snows days to not or and skating and fun. Also in. No. 594 Eastern Park

> WELL HEELED. Coles Avenue elevated ratio

Holder, No. 2011 Croscent Cost. Brooklyn.

ON THE BRIGHTON LINE.

There's nothing wrong with New Yorkers-not, at least, with the Brooklyn contingent of them I saw to-day on nother with a baby in her arms an two others tugging at her skirts. The train stopped at a station. The mother arged the two children from the car The little boy stepped off, but before the others could follow him, the doors dammed. It was one of those trains with a guard for every other car and there was none in this. The little boy began crying, the mother was dis-What happened? Some or suggested the emergency brake. oment it was done, several oringing forward. The train came was reunited. The guard came ba nxious. Then he became angry-manded names, and-two men ve rily gave their names as pulling several voluntarils as witnesses in their behalf. tey looked like busy men too. Ye copie say New Yorkers are selfis dien here six or eight men were will ig to give up their time and stan investigation to help a mother with children: -Eva M. Housman, No. 23 7th Street, Brooklyn.

THIS IS THE LIFE! This evening, on a visit to my aunt's, I found her burily darning socks, but on her head she had fast ened a radio receiving outfit Natureing in on an opera that was bross broadcast. Near her, on a couch, lay my uncle, smoking a pipe and listening in through another head set: Auxty, if seemed to me, your sicuring in time to the music, and both I'm sure scere having a good time .-- Myrtle A. Eress, No. 0167 Amboy Road, Princess Buy, S. I.

A pigeon that was presented to m

ittle boy some time ago flew to the celof a neighbor, cave-manned a wire from is flock and brought her house with im. Together they started building a sat, but before it was finished I result in dead on A window still Beach sbandoned the partir unished a went back to her former home. I be buy she returns to that widew

FOUR LADIES OF STATES ISLAND Five of us were slaying pakes a ouse last sight, and our young it ful, aged six, was on the floor with another deck of cards "C have some pretty ladies here replied Priend Husband gollan'ty. "Y nother is all the 'presty maken to son." But it was hereby a me Momestead Avenue, Fort Richmond, S. I. OUT OF TOWN.

"THE BEST LAID PLANS."

OUR YEARS AGO TO-DAY I was one of three pals who sat together in a trench in the Argonne. The others were Walt Kriesmint and Don Truit. All along the line that day there was song, laughter and-I hope this will not shock anybody-dice games. YOU remember the day. PEACE had come! \* \* \* Well, we three just sat there and chinned. What we were going to do. What we had learned from the war \* \* \* "The biggest thing the war has taught ME," said Don, "is that the word 'kick' should be spelled with a capital 'K. I am done with offices and books of account and high stools. You betcha! From now on it's me for the out-of-doors." \* \* \* The long and short of our confab was that we decided to start a big chicken farm togetaer. There already was talk that Uncle Sam was going to give each of his boys a far .. \* \* \* Four years have passed. Don is back with his books in the Woolworth Building. Walt is slinging mail on his old R. P. O. route. \* \* You are about to remind me that your question is "What Did You See To-Day?" I'm coming to that. I have spent most of the day looking into the blue eyes of a little girl we did not have four years ago to-day.-R. Saunders No 228 Sheldon Avenue, Jamsica, L. I.



ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT. For the past week a deep mystery as hung over the farm and this mornng, by chance, a solution came in a post unusual manner. Gustavus, our olg, has been getting out of the lot and oing a lot of damage about the place.
n examination of the fence did not sclose any weak points. I have hear flying pigs, but Gustavus, positively s not of that species. Not to be out witted by such a lowbrow as a pig. lecided to get to the bottom of the affair. After a long wait, Gustavan approached the door that leads to the rse's stall. He began to rub his uno against it and to grunt pleadingly heard the clatter of the horse's he and then the click of the latch. H ening into the stable, I saw the hors in the act of pushing up the latch with his teeth.—Patrick J McGuigan. Farm ingdale, N. J

HE EVENING WURLD pays liberally in cash for FIRST news of really impor-

the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Every reader a reporter.

tant happenings-FIRST news of BIG news. Call Beekman 4000. Ask for

THEY CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR THIS ONE.

To-day while going through Friend Hubby's coat pockets, said coat having been discarded, I saw two "What Did You See?" letters given him to mail a You See?" letters given him to mail a month ago, and two personal letters. Oh, those husbands!—Mrs. Florence

APPLESAUCE. My wife made an unusually large bowl appleaauce this morning and set it our parcel post scale, atop the ice st. The iceman later slaumed the into the box with such force that the jar dislodged the bowl and it over-turned, resting bottom up on his head. He was deluged from head to foot with pplesauce and was a sight that would husband's head. his clothes, and said that hereafter he'll p send his assistant in with our ice, to rather than take further risk.—William

THREE COLTS OF CHANBURY We visited to-day at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Wilson, at Cranbury, N. J., and while we waited for hunch Mr. Wilson took we over the place. We saw the one-cylinder gasoline engine that drawe water from the well into a thousand-pallon tank. Then we saw the school on the farm where twenty-fre of the neighbors' children are educated. Next we visited the sta-ble, and here we saw what Mr. Wilson called his colts. The youngest was nineteen years of age, the oldest thirty-one years of age. The inter was bought when Mr. Wilson bought the farm, thirty years ago. His two motor-cars, he pointed out to us, need repairs occasionally, bus to us, need repairs occasionally, our these colls, he said, have never needed a spare part since they came, and their motors, while a little worm, are still good and going.—Belle Gillis, No. 291 Clove Road, West Brighton, S. I.

MOST UNUSUAL.

About three weeks ago some one threw a coal black kitten from an autonobile into a field adjoining our house You See?" letters given him to mail a month ago, and two personal letters.
On, those husbands!—Mrs. Florence Hallas, No. 135 Second Avenue, North Pelham, N. Y and kitty were sharing a loaf of bread between them, baby nibbling off one end and kitty the other.—Mrs. J. B. Taylor, R. F. D. J. Phoenixville, Pa.

AN ARLINGTON CANABY. Last Sunday, while visiting a friend in Arlington, I saw her canary bird come from his cage and light on my husband's head. Later, I saw this bird have evoked laughter from a Scotchman "kiss" him, a light on his finger and eat sugar from a spoon. Also I saw him feel. He had to go home and change fly to the table, take a piece of green and said that hereafter he'll pepper from a place and return with its sistant in with our Ice, take further risk.—William 'kissed' me goodbye.—Olive S. Wisner, No. 145 Highwood Ave., No. 226 Brighton Avenue, Arlington, N. J.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TAD I BEEN A PRINCE, such as I've read about, I would have expected to find a Sleeping Beauty, for I stumbled on an abandoned village hidden away in a wood. It was the old paper mill town of Harrisia, or Harrisville, on the upper reaches of the Bass River, among the pines of Jersey. It felt uncanny to be standing there in what had been a street. It was lined with maples rd oaks, and all about were the ruins of dozens of buildings. There were the fire-charred walls of the old mill, office and warehouse-the shops, and tehn the homes. The old mi I pond still held rome water, although the dam that once was a source of water power for the plant and town was in ruins. The Harris mans'en site is yet distinguishable. It must have been a great house, a luxurious place, for the cellar steps are of white marble. What songs of maidens and workers once sounded through these pines. What , romise of prosperity and progress and happiness came to them in the hum of the machinery and the purling of the tireless milirace? And what economic shift or calamity blasted the hopes and the future of old Harrisia?-E. E. Beauchamp, No. 24 Alexander Avenue, Madison, N. J.

SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN As I passed a farm at Dongan Hills clay I noticed two enormous-sized over beds which were filled with panon in full bloom. When I read the and reported my discovery. When I reache r said she lad picked some daisles lend; back yard this afternoon— thenest. No. 133 Westervelt venue, New Brighton, S. J. SHIP'S TAILOR.

To-day while visiting at Sailors Snug arbon I saw one of the old saits atbench and stitching away o beautiful material on an embroid I complimented him on his Soug Harbor, he liked toors by loing many fin his sisters by loing many fing for them -Emily O'Connor, No. New Brighton

PHILLIPS EARM. A fraced took me driving to-day

to New Branswick, and having read neach about the Hull-Mills murder, ur decided to esait the Phillips farm. We drove along till we came to a sign reading: "This is the scay to the fragedy. Then we came upon another sign, reading "This in the apot. But the crab apple tree has disappeared, taken away by someonic hunters. However, there or or attell with a black string fied upout it to show where it was. Also there and a man at the farmings chergony El rests of mostou to rush over the free a of the ward Klicabeth Davidson, No. 189 Park

Avenue, Port Eichmond, S. I.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN. To-day I visited a remarkable old woman. She is Mrs. S. Van Renaselaer of No. 740 Elm Street, Arlington, N. J., who, despite the fact that she is eightyfour years of ago and blind, lives alone. I helped her clear the table after tes and asked her where the garbage can was. "I do not have any garbage," she replied. "I never throw anything away. The crumbs from the table I feed to the birds. The larger scraps go to the neighbor's chickens and the bones to their dogs. I sell my old rags or give them to the Salvation Army. I keep some things for years, but it costs noth-ing to keep them and sometimes some ne will need just those things. ever passes that some neighbor not run in to borrow a string or a time-table or something, and I take pride in the fact that no matter what she wants revely disappoint her."-Mrs. Marie B. Gulick, No. 500 West 122d Street.

CERTIFIED.

One of the men working on a new garage across the street from my home brought a goat with him this morning and tethered her in a nearby lot. At econ I saw him milk the goat, then all own for his lunch and drink the mile com a cau .- Margaret McWalters 36 Horne Street, Jersey City, N. J.

A BROTHER IN DISTRESS.

I saw a large truck, loaded with aper, halt to-day on the Manhaftan de of the Queensboro Bridge. A sive stem had broken. Of course he could not make the up grade with that mandicap, but just as the traffic cop was setting excited over the resultant conestion, another truck drove up behind and pushed the lame truck more than all way across the bridge until the 134 Middle Neck Road, Port Washington, L. I.